

BLUE GRASS BLADE.

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Charles C. Moore
Editor

Linked Sweetness of Presbyter-
ianism and Whisky.

LEXINGTON, Sept. 9, 91.

Mr. C. C. Moore,
DEAR SIR—I have read with considerable interest the write up you have given the whisky religionists of Lexington, especially M. Clellan; but your work is incomplete while you leave untouched John Pew; the Superintendent of the Sunday school of the First Presbyterian church, a regular attendant at prayer meeting, prays loudly in public, and aspires to an eldership in the church, but they have not quite cheek enough to elect him while he superintends and runs Pepper's distillery.

Just think of his running a distillery six days in the week and a Presbyterian Sunday school on the seventh.

But I reckon it was foreordained.

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I would rather have you sign your name, and look like you were not afraid, but I publish this because I personally know the main part of it to be true, and suppose it all is.

Yes, it's a sweet combination to be a superintendent of a Sunday-school and the superintendent of a distillery at the same time.

Col. Pepper has lately published how his own brother got him into trouble by drinking the whisky that the Colonel and Bro. Pew get up.

There is only one other class of business houses in the world, that is so damnable as a Lexington distillery, and that is a shebang like that First Presbyterian church that puts a distillery's hireling at the head of a Sunday-school to let them absorb his liquor traffic ideas in the name of religion.

Bro. Pew, aside from his business, is a nice man, and so is Col. Pepper; and, for that matter, so was Jesse James. But I would, forty to one, rather see Col. Pepper in the pulpit of the First Presbyterian church, and a man at the head of the Sunday-school, who, by precept and example, would teach the boys of Lexington the danger of whisky than to have it as it is now. If Col. Pepper were in the pulpit there would not be any hypocrisy in him, and the people he would talk to would be old enough to look out for themselves. But Bro. Pew has the boys just at the time of life to make an impression on them.

The literary genius that has made me a bloated bond holder as editor of the Blade, came very near being diverted in my early life into the making of cutting boxes.

My first Sunday-school teacher made cutting boxes.

That First Presbyterian church, with a distillery superintendent at the head of its Sunday-school, is a worse institution than Col. Pepper's distillery.

The distillery does its business open and above board. It deals with full grown men, and nobody is fooled by it. Col. Pepper, in his late published letter about his brother, has been candid enough to intimate to us pretty plainly that he is too smart to drink his own whisky.

Bro. Pew however as an honest man can not dare to teach the boys in his Sunday-school that they ought not to drink whisky.

He has no right to take Col. Pepper's money for conducting his distillery and then try to break down the Colonel's business, underhandedly by teaching the boys that they ought not to drink the Colonel's whisky. And I will bet he would not dare to teach those boys that they ought not to drink anybody's whisky. It would take a check like a government note for him to do so, and Col. Pepper ought to fire him as high as a rocket if Bro. Pew says a word against whisky drinking.

If Bro. Pew is a consistent man, and a loud prayer, he ought, in his closet and publicly, to ask God to help him to make good whisky and a heap of it, and help Bro. Pepper to sell it. No Christian man ought to get his living at the hands of another man unless he is willing to ask God to bless that man in his business.

It is sad to think how the youths of our land are being systematically educated in whisky drinking, but so far as the churches are concerned I do not care a snap for them.

At these inebriate asylums they

put whisky in everything that a man eats and drinks until he gets tired of the smell of whisky. I want it that way in Lexington. It's in politics and religion, and I don't care if they set a barrel of whisky on the communion tables every Sunday, and give every fellow as much of it as he can swallow. It would make a boss revival of religion in Lexington.

All of them would be in favor of communion every Sunday, at least once, and may be several times; and there would not be anybody but a few old Prohibition cranks that would get up and march out when they sing the hymn just before communion.

Even those who are not communists would stay to get a smell of it.

In one sense of the word it looks a little rough on Prohibition to make a Sunday-school superintendent of Bro. Pew, but in the long run I think that may be he is the right man in the right place.

Now what I have said here is going to cost me \$2.00 beside the type setting in it. Bro. Pew has paid me for the Blade just up to this time, but it will be a cold day when I get another \$2.00 out of him.

May be one of Elijah's ravens will come sailing along, or one of Peter's fish come swimming up the turnpike with a couple of dollars in his mouth.

It seems to me that if I were the cause of a man's losing \$2.00 I would try to make it up to him. I ought to have waited until Bro. Pew had paid up for next year, and then printed this man's note.

A New York Christian who Wants Prohibitionists to get out of the Churches, and use Their money for Prohibition.

Bro. A. Cobb, one of the most active Prohibitionists in his part of Kentucky, writes me a letter enclosing one from New York.

The letters are as follows:
OWENSON, Ky., Sept. 9, '91.
T. C. C. Moore, Esq.

DEAR SIR—You will find enclosed a tract that shows what an effect the course that the church members are pursuing is having on good men who are conscientious about the whisky traffic.

While I think he has taken extreme grounds in the matter, I know that the way things are going all have a tendency to exert a wonderful bad effect on the churches.

I enclose a letter from same man to me. You can put them to any use you please.

Yours truly,

A. COBB.

FRANKLIN, DELAWARE CO., N. Y., Aug. 27, 1891.

Mr. A. Cobb, Owenson, Ky.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER—Your article, "Gone Back," in "The Beacon" of July 28, has a hearty endorsement by me; except I can not make claim that I have "gone back," but I do know by the step I have taken that I have gone ahead. So I believe you can, and do, see that instead of your having gone back, you have taken a long step ahead.

The attitude of the so-called Christian church to the liquor license party should be a sufficient cause for every Prohibitionist to sever his connection with the church, and to educate and urge every person to never enter its fold.

I could not be reconciled in my conscience while I remained in the church, after I saw how completely subservient it was to the liquor license party.

To remain in that organization and give it my moral and material support was an endorsement of its attitude to the "gigantic crime of crime," besides I saw that I was clearly, to that extent of my ability and connection, perpetuating that curse which I was laboring to suppress.

I know I am often told by some who are superficial in thought and investigation, that I could have held my relation with the church and yet be free from the responsibility of what others of the members did, and that I ought to stay in the church and help purify it, etc.

Christ had such logic presented to him, but he said he must build anew from the foundation, and that to have gone into the Jewish church would have involved him in the sins of that church, and the perpetuations thereof. Did you ever think of the result if every Prohibition man and woman should on this great issue, step out of the church and pour the vast volume of their money which they now give to that organization into Prohibition channels?

Along the whole line I find

many Prohibs who are about to step out and up, from the liquor party church. Such a step would be followed by a progress to the Prohibition party such as has not been seen since its organization. I believe we will make but little progress in many years unless we go forward from the church.

Did you ever think of Moses and the history of the Israelites? The North wing and the South wing of the M. E. church separate on the question of slavery.

There's a time in the history of organizations when decent people must separate from them; and when corrupt people will. There is no greater safeguard to any institution against the approach of criminals than to keep the moral standard of that institution high above this class.

The church will never rise above the controlling influence of the dominant political parties, and the former will adopt the same corrupt methods to live as do the latter. See our churches practically endorsing the license system the same as does the liquor license party.

Some will point me to the strong anti-liquor resolutions adopted by the different church conferences, as some arguments against my position, but to offset, I ask how do you vote? Unless the resolution is an indication of what you will do or will not do at the ballot-box, you will make yourselves the greatest frauds by offering and adopting such resolutions. Any way you can fix it the church is the tail to the liquor license party kite; and dear brother work shoulder to shoulder with me to educate the people to have no affiliation with the unclean thing.

The Prohibition party and the W. C. T. U. are a good enough and safe enough home for me for the present. I send you a few copies of my printed views which I entertain of the so-called Christian church.

Yours truly,

D. W. GRANGER.

Them's my sentiments, as the old man said of the Lord's prayer.

There's good religion, good politics and good business in what that New York brother says.

We Prohibs have settled to our satisfaction at least, that Prohibition is right, and therefore any church that opposes it must be wrong, and we should act accordingly. The resolutions passed by the churches in favor of Prohibition are exactly like the declarations of the Republican party on this subject.

They pass resolutions against the liquor traffic and the very people who draft the resolutions intend at the time to vote for liquor.

It is a very easy matter to demonstrate that the church is the enemy of Prohibition. There are 5,200,000 church member voters in the United States; and only 250,000 all total who vote for Prohibition, and all the rest vote against it.

In other words when one church member votes against the liquor traffic there are twenty church members who vote for it.

When a man gives twenty-one cents to the church, twenty cents of it go to keeping up the liquor traffic, and one cent goes toward putting it down. A Prohibitionist who gives anything to the support of the church furnishes a stick to break his own head.

If you do not think this is a one sided transaction just try the experiment of asking any church to raise money to help the Prohibition party. They will raise money to build fine churches and pay big salaries to fancy preachers, and buy them gold headed canes and watches, or to send them to the sea shore or Europe or Palestine or the devil; but you ask any one of your churches to make an appropriation to assist the Prohibition party to save the women and children from all the horrors of the liquor traffic, and they will laugh at you.

If the Prohibitionists in every state would give no more to any church and give all to the Prohibition party that they have been giving to the churches, we would have a fund that would be ample for all our wants for Prohibition purposes, and if anything would bring the churches to their senses that would.

I believe another "irrepressible conflict" has begun, and that it will end in war just like the slavery question did. Slavery was no infamy at all compared with the liquor traffic. It only enslaved the bodies of men and women and children, but it had many redeeming features.

But there is not one single palatable feature in the liquor traffic. While we are as weak numerically as we now are we will have to submit to the liquor powers, but after a while when the Prohibitionists get stronger, in certain localities they may resist by force the locating of saloons in their midst which have gotten their licenses, and it will begin like the war against slavery did in Kansas and at Harper's Ferry.

Wives and mothers and sisters will incite men to arms to save their husbands and sons and brothers. The country is full of good women who are outraged and indignant beyond expression at the contemptible cowardice of the men who encourage the liquor traffic.

Women lead the men in the French Revolution, and twice lately in Missouri the women have marched on saloons and battered down their doors with axes, and destroyed their contents and fixtures, and the courts did not punish them.

They will do it again some where sometime, and some big bull headed saloon-keeper will shoot some of them, and then we will have it. The decent people will be brought to their senses, and the saloon-keepers will have to get away. And when once the break is made the people will go for the breweries and distilleries as they did for the old Bastille.

I hope there will never be a necessity for it and that the liquor may be put down peacefully, but another war would be better than what we now have. The four years of war that did away with slavery were better than slavery, and the people it killed and the misery it created were nothing compared to what the liquor traffic is doing.

All over America the Prohibitionists are indignant against the churches and calling on all good people to get out of them, just as the Abolitionists did before the war.

You will hear men laugh and ridicule such an idea as I am suggesting, but I heard them laugh that same way before the war, and amuse themselves at the idea that the slaves would ever be freed. They killed Lovejoy in Illinois, and hung John Brown in Virginia, but it did not stop the Abolitionists. The liquor men have already killed three Prohibitionists and thrown eggs and stones into crowds of ladies at the polls.

The Prohibitionists will never forget that, and it will make brave women want to vote.

The liquor traffic has to go; peacefully if possible, but otherwise if necessary.

circumstances". Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge and Rev. Lyman Abbott, from Kentucky and Brooklyn, New York, respectively, and two of the most prominent Presbyterians in the United States, had gone all the way to Kansas to help the saloon men beat Prohibition. The New York Voice, the national organ of Prohibition, said "We want some sanctified cursing done", and I said "Damn such men"; and I will not take it back if it ruins the Blade.

I am not much "sanctified", but I am an ordained minister, and neither the church nor the state has ever revoked my license as such. But like your "iridescent" nameake from Kansas I am "out of a job" in theology as he is in statesmanship.

While I think about it if you want to pay me for my paper the price is the same old thing: \$2.00 a year, unless you are a poor man, and then it is \$1.00. You knew that, and ought to know that I do not send any bills.

My brother, I have been studying men so long that you are just as transparent to me as a piece of French plate glass.

There is not a sentence in your whole letter that breathes the spirit of the Christian religion. You did not write it because you wanted to do good and make somebody happy.

You knew I was in a fearful minority in this country, and that even of the people who think as I do about religion, there are very few who will openly say so. The fellows that got Jesus Christ crucified, didn't have to stop to argue the case with him; they simply yelled out "Crucify him". You object to my saying that Jesus Christ was not born of "a liaison of God with a woman". Your language seems to indicate that you think he was so born.

You have got sense enough to know that no woman ever had a child of which God or a ghost was the father, and you are just talking and writing for buncombe, because other people around you are doing the same thing.

Jesus may have called himself a son of God, but he pointed to other men who were trying to do good and said to them "Now are ye the sons of God"; and he taught all his followers to speak of God as "Our Father".

You don't know much about the New Testament and the story of Jesus, else, when I spoke of Lazarus, who was a pure, beautiful, and sweet woman, you would not have confounded her with Mary Magdalene, a fallen but penitent woman.

It would take too long to explain to you what was implied in my mention of Gen. Lew Wallace's having left out of "Ben Hur" the "love story" of Jesus and Mary the sister of Lazarus.

I will quote you from my book, "The Rational View", page 356, what I have there said on that subject.

It is as follows:
"On the other hand, the utterances of Jesus and Paul seem rather to disparage matrimony; though Jesus seems to have 'loved Lazarus', and I think it eminently to his credit to say that his love enhanced because Lazarus had two pretty and bright sisters that befriended him nicely, the one presiding in the parlor and the other in the kitchen, when he took his frequent evening walks out to Bethany, about three miles from Jerusalem, and stayed at the house of Lazarus and his sisters until the next morning, where the attractive Mary sat and listened long to the beautiful ideas that Jesus enunciated in his conversation, and with a rapture more exalted than that with which Deidamia listened to the recitals of Othello.

It has always sounded to me like a story of a human love for a human woman, who was not the less attractive for her genuine humanity, that made Jesus express a little gallant partiality for the probably younger and brighter and prettier sister, who sat in the parlor and talked to him, while her more domestic and more home-spun sister was busy in the kitchen, and really making a sacrifice for his personal comfort, by getting him a nice supper of bread and cakes and lamb and fish and milk and honey, while she worried herself by misplacing forks and spoons and dish-rags and pot-hooks, as she was wondering and thinking what Jesus and Mary were probably talking about in the parlor.

To say that Jesus was touched with a feeling of our infirmities, does not so vividly convey to my mind the impression of his humanity as this story of his admiration for Mary, which shows him to have been also touched with the feeling of this most beautiful

human sentiment, the appreciation in man of the beautiful in woman".

While you call that "impure and irreverent", some good and pure woman will send me a dollar to see the rest of that story.

"Unto the pure all things are pure".

"Honi soit qui mal y pense".

A Good Kentucky Judge a Prohibitionist, gets Discouraged, and says, with

"Peter, 'I go a Fishing'."

(CONFIDENTIALLY.)—

C. C. Moore, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR.—In response to your enquiry in the Blade, I shall continue to pay you the \$2.00 for next year should you continue to publish the paper.

I am however decidedly of the opinion that we should make a new issue in Kentucky—that of suppression of the saloon.

I find a great many men of both parties who would cooperate with us to that extent; and though we can not annihilate the evil we may restrain and curtail it within narrower limits. *****

Yours fraternally.

My dear Brother, you are a smart man and a good man, and you and I agree about religion, and until you wrote that letter, I thought we agreed in politics; but those fellows have fooled you.

Just as soon as they could get us to compromise on only closing the saloons, and jerk wide open the throttle valves of the distilleries and breweries and groceries and drug stores, they would begin to say that there would be just as much drunkenness and murder as if the saloons were running, and that we might just as well let the saloons get at it too, and use the license they pay to build school houses and churches and send the gospel to the heathen along with the rum we are sending them; and in less than one year there would not be a greasy spot left of Prohibition in the United States, and the whole business would be deadlier than the "iridescent" Ingalls said the liquor traffic was in Kansas, before he concluded to tell that Staten Island lie about it.

There are lots of these big rich high toned farmer Christians who don't want the saloon because they take theirs out of a jug; and a keg of beer sent from Cincinnati to local option Nicholasville, in a barrel, is a heap cheaper at \$1.50 than the 150 drinks in that keg at 5 cents a schooner.

No Sir; if I am going to take any part in this contest I want it understood that I fight under the black flag, and don't want any treaties or compromises.

I can't "annihilate" them then let them annihilate us.

I would rather be completely annihilated trying to do right than to be almost so with the knowledge that I had helped to bring the evil on myself.

From a Good Old Lady.

ESCLAPAIN SPRINGS, KY., 1 Sept. 30, '91.

Mr. C. C. Moore, Lexington, Ky.

DEAR BROTHER—I should have written to you sooner had I been able. I will just say that I have no cash claims against you. I am thankful that I have had the privilege of sharing with you in the great cause of Prohibition, which eventually will triumph.

I miss your paper.

Consider me a subscriber to your united effort with Bro. Neal, which undoubtedly will be a success. Yours affectionately,

MRS. M. G. KUNYON.

"The Worker" says I am not as Naught as I seem to be.

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Ladies' Muslin Drawers